

THE
DRAMATIC CENSOR;
OR,
Weekly Theatrical Report.

NUMBER VIII.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1800.

Ad populum phaleras—ego te intus et in cute novi.

— — — — —
*Helleborum frustra, quum jam culis ægra tumebit,
Poscentes videas: venienti occurrere morbo.*

DRAMATIC WRITERS, who desire to have an EARLY Review of their Publications, are requested to send a Copy to the Editor, at JUSTINS's Printing-Office, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

DRURY-LANE, FRIDAY, Feb. 14, 1800.

PIZARRO—*Sheridan.* OF AGE TO-MORROW—*Junto**.

Miss BIGGS re-appeared this evening in the character of *Cora*. We mean not to arraign the Lady's *taste*, but she must allow us to observe, that her head-dress is too much in the style of *modern* fashion, to accord with the *costume* of a Peruvian Princess of the sixteenth century.

Mr.

* Some curious particulars have transpired, respecting the *fabrication* of this miserable Farce, which certain *Libertines*, it is pretended, have assumed, the right of *re-baptizing*. But BANNISTER and KELLY are ready to take their oaths, that it is "all their

Mr. CORY was again the representative of *Rolla*, Mr. KEMBLE not being yet sufficiently recovered from his indisposition. It is no obloquy to the former gentleman, that he does not reach the proud eminence of his predecessor.

—*tulit pretium jam nunc certaminis hujus,
Qui cum victus erit, mecum certasse feretur.*

COVENT-GARDEN, FRIDAY, *Feb* 14, 1800.

SPEED THE PLOUGH—*Morton*. DIVERTISSEMENT.

WE resume our *analysis* of the new comedy, on the same plan pursued in Acts I. and II. in our former number.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Sir Philip Blandford is discovered in his library. The Baronet enquires for his daughter; but understanding that she has not yet returned from the ploughing-match, orders his trusty gardener to be called in. *Evergreen* enters, with looks expressive of sorrow and concern: “Does this desolation affect the old man?” demands the Baronet. *Evergreen* professes his astonishment, that a period of twenty years should *make a man look older!* *Sir Philip* relieves his embarrassment, by informing him, that it is not age, but grief, has wrought the change.

own.” Were there no other objections to their claim, than what result from *internal evidence*, we should see no reason to dispute their pretensions. Even less talents than those gentlemen possess in the literary line, would be adequate to the *manufacture* of such a wretched piece of *patch-work* as this. Yet, strange to tell! the *copy-right* of this Farce has been contested!

“ ’Tis

“ 'Tis the canker *here* (striking his left breast) has withered up my trunk !”

The Baronet then, after prudently assuring himself that he is safe from observation, pursues his enquiries relative to the offspring of a certain woman, in whose fate he appears to be deeply implicated. “ Does the boy live ?”—“ He does,” replies the gardener, and proceeds to a panegyric on his character ; in which, he is presently cut short by *Sir Philip*, who forbids all comment, and desires his name may never be mentioned.

A question of more mysterious and momentous import now ensues. “ Have you removed every dreadful vestige from the fatal chamber ?” The gardener hesitates, and, at length, confesses his want of duty in this respect. His courage, it seems, always failed him, whenever he attempted to enter the apartment to which the Baronet alludes : but he has a ready apology for his remissness—“ Wiser men than I have felt such terrors.” Besides, he can assure *Sir Philip*, that the secret could not have been rendered more impenetrable and inviolate, even by a compliance with his orders ; for the apartments have been carefully locked up ever since the transaction took place, and the keys have never been in any person’s possession but his own. “ Then the task remains with *me*,” exclaims the Baronet !—The conversation is here interrupted by the entrance of his daughter.

A scene of filial and parental tenderness follows.

lows. *Sir Philip* is afraid that his wish for his daughter's company deprives her of much pleasure. *Emma* protests the contrary. Her father then asks, whether she enjoyed the scene she has just witnessed? *Emma* replies in the affirmative, and comments upon the contrast it forms to the scenes they beheld abroad. *Sir Philip* acquiesces in the justice of the remark. "Happy country! which, in the midst of direful war, can draw forth its rustic train to join the festive dance, as securely, as if peace again had blessed the world."

From this topic *Sir Philip* very naturally digresses to the ploughing-match, and asks his daughter, "whether her *lover* gained the prize?"—"Yes," is the answer; at which the Baronet justly expresses his astonishment, as men of his rank are not, in general, supposed to be very conversant in the management of a plough. Now the mistake is discovered: it was not *Mr. Handy*, but *Henry*, that atchieved the exploit. *Sir Philip* enquires how *Mr. Handy* conducted himself; but *Emma*'s thoughts being entirely engrossed with *Henry*, her replies refer exclusively to that youth. "As soon as the contest was over, *Henry* presented himself; then I placed the medal round his neck, &c."—"And this you call your account of *Mr. Robert Handy*!" quoth *Sir Philip*; who, as well indeed he may, begins to think his daughter's behaviour rather extraordinary. "But pray," he continues, "how does *Mr. Robert Handy* dance?" He is informed the gentleman did not

not dance at all. This increases the Baronet's astonishment. "Surely you danced with your *lover*?" he demands. His daughter replies in the affirmative, but soon corrects herself—"Oh no! somebody—she cannot remember *who*—said, she ought to dance with the young man who gained the prize." *Sir Philip* finds just cause for suspicion. "You talk as if you loved this *Henry*."—"Oh, no, papa, and I am certain he does not love me." The reasons she assigns for her certainty, afford convincing proof of the truth of those surmises, which she strives to refute. *Henry* cannot be in love with her, because, forsooth, he trembled whenever she touched his hand. And then again, when *her* eyes met *his*, *Henry* felt abashed, and looked *sheepish*. Her father fully comprehends the force of her arguments, and observes, that, no doubt, she could give him reasons equally strong and convincing, to prove that she, on her part, entertains no passion for *Henry*. "Oh yes!" *Emma* replies, with confidence, "for, in the course of the dance, *Henry* sometimes paid attention to other women, and she was so *angry* with him. Now you know, papa, that I love *you*, and I am sure I should not be angry if *you* were to notice other women." The latter remark carries with it irresistible conviction. *Sir Philip* declares himself perfectly satisfied. "I knew," replies *Emma*, "I should convince you."

Sir Philip is indeed convinced, but not in the manner his daughter supposes him to be. Sensible of the

true situation of her heart, the Baronet breaks out into an invective against a passion, the first symptoms of which, in the present case, but too plainly augur vexation and uneasiness to his child. “ Oh, Love! malign and subtle tyrant! how falsely art thou painted *blind*! ’Tis thy votaries are so; for what but blindness can prevent them from seeing the poisoned shaft, that is for ever doomed to rankle in the victim’s heart?” *Emma*, from this *Philippic*, gathers fresh proofs of her security. She is now more certain than before, that she cannot possibly be in love, because she feels no poisoned shaft rankling in *her* heart. On the contrary, she never experienced so much delight from the rural objects around her. The birds warble more enchantingly; the flowers breathe sweeter fragrance; the meadows bloom with richer verdure, and the whole face of Nature is arrayed in smiles of greater loveliness and beauty. The glowing description awakens, in *Sir Philip*’s breast, the painful recollection of *past* enjoyment. “ Such was the day my youthful fancy pictured!—but ah! how altered was its close!”—*Emma* proceeds to inform her father, that she has promised *Henry* his protection. That, as the Baronet justly observes, was “ much”—however, she shall not break her promise to the poor youth. “ I will see your rustic hero.” *Sir Philip* resolves to take a walk in the park, and supports himself on his daughter’s arm.

Ere we dismiss this scene, we must, without intending

tending the slightest offence to Mr. MORTON, (who, no doubt, found it an impracticable task completely to stem the torrent of *fashionable* absurdity, and the present rage for *frittered sentiment*) candidly observe, that the whole of this interview between *Sir Philip* and his daughter, is tinged with the very *worst* properties of the German drama. The part of *Emma* is only so far analagous to nature, as her conduct savours of a *natural* ! There is a wide and essential difference between *simplicity* and *idiotism* ; between a *hoyden* and an *innocent* girl ; between an *artless* and a *wanton* character.

SCENE II. (*Changes to the Park.*)

Ashfield enters on the right, accompanied by *Henry*, who sports the prize-medal he has received from the hands of the lovely *Emma*. *Ashfield* tells him, that he looks for all the world “like the Lords in the stars, that do come down to those parts to pickle their skins in the salt-sea ocean.” *Sir Philip* and his daughter are discovered on the left. *Henry*’s heart is divided between the opposite sensations of hope and fear. “I wish,” he says, “yet dread to meet him.”

Emma congratulates her father on the joy which his tenants manifest at his return. *Sir Philip* acknowledges himself little entitled to their gratitude. “Alas!” he exclaims, “I can see no orphan clothed by my beneficence—no anguish assuaged by my care!” *Emma* reminds him, that he has only
wanted

wanted the opportunity, not the inclination, to render his tenants happy. "I am sure my father wishes to shew his kind intentions;" and very dexterously availing herself of *Sir Philip's* compunction, begins, by "placing one under his protection." She beckons *Henry* to approach, and introduces him to her father.

Sir Philip no sooner beholds *Henry*, than he recoils from the sight with horror and surprize. "Do my eyes deceive me? Such was the face his *father* wore!"—"Spake you of my father?"—*Henry* demands. *Sir Philip* continues absorbed in painful reflections: "His presence drives me to distraction! How came he hither? Whom have I to curse for this intrusion?" *Emma* takes the blame on herself. *Henry* advances, and conjures the Baronet to resolve his doubts, to tell him who are his parents, and whether they be still alive? *Sir Philip* replies, by bursting into a convulsive laugh. "Ah!"—*Henry* returns—"do you mock my misery? Have you a heart to do it?"—"Yes," the incensed Baronet makes answer, "a heart of marble; cold and obdurate to the world; ponderous and painful to myself." He peremptorily orders the youth to quit his presence; and *Emma* joins her intreaties to *Sir Philip's* mandate. "Go, *Henry*, and save me from my father's curse!" *Henry* promises obedience, but cannot refrain from pressing to his lips the medal he has received from *Emma*. "I shall often look at this, and think of the blissful moment, when your
hand

hand placed it there. *Sir Philip* commands his servants to tear the medal from his breast. "Sooner take my life," *Henry* nobly exclaims, "'tis the first honour I have earned, and 'tis no mean one; for it assigns me the chief rank among the sons of industry. This,—he adds in reply to *Sir Philip's* menaces, "will give me competence; nay more, enable me to defy your tyranny." *Sir Philip* breathes fresh threats of vengeance—"Rash boy! avoid me, and be secure: repeat this insolence, and you shall suffer for it." *Henry* swells with becoming pride, and braves the haughty Baronet. "You are in England, Sir, where the man, who bears about him an upright heart, bears about him a charm too potent for tyranny to injure." Mutual recriminations, dictated by anger and disdain, ensue. "Can your frown," *Henry* boldly demands, "annihilate my youthful vigour? Can your breath stifle in my heart the adoration it feels for that pitying angel?" *Sir Philip's* anger transports him beyond all bounds. "You shall be taught,"—he menaces *Henry*—"to know the difference between us."—"I feel it now," retorts the latter, "proudly feel it. You hate a man who never wronged you. I could love the man who persecutes me. You meanly triumph over a worm; I make a giant* tremble!" The Baronet again orders

* Separately considered, the speeches *Henry* delivers on this occasion are truly dignified and noble; but whether they can

orders his attendants to remove *Henry* from his sight, and the youth again dares his malice. *Emma* now interferes, and obtains, by her intreaties, what the Baronet, in vain, hoped to accomplish by force. She conjures *Henry* to depart, if he does not wish that her hate should accompany her father's curse.

Sir Philip is borne off by his attendants; but

claim the merit of being *characteristic* is sheer another question. It may well excite our astonishment, how a rustic, with *Henry's* limited opportunities of information, (for he does not appear to have enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education, nor do we find, that the circle of his acquaintance, at the head of which stand two honest, but illiterate clowns, *Ashfield* and *Evergreen*, was calculated to improve his mind in a literary point of view) should have acquired such a command of language, such elegance of diction, such beautiful imagery, and such powers of elocution. This dereliction of character constitutes one of the prominent defects of *Mr. MORTON's* Dramatic Muse; a defect, on which we before took occasion to animadvert in our strictures on the *Cure for the Heart-Ache*. *Mr. MORTON* might easily have obviated this inconsistency, by assigning to *Henry* a companion, or a grave respectable friend, whose habits and pursuits in life had qualified him for the office of instilling into *Henry's* youthful mind the rudiments of knowledge and refinement. We are expressly told in Act I. that his *own father* was ignorant, whether he was alive or dead; and *Sir Philip*, by his question to *Evergreen*, "Does the Boy live?" seems to have been equally in the dark with respect to *Henry's* circumstances. We can see, therefore, no competent reason to suppose that people, who took so little pains to be informed of *Henry's* situation, would give themselves much trouble about his *schooling*. It is proper to identify and comment upon these incongruities, that dramatic writers may be induced to attend more carefully to the just delineation of character.

turning

turning round, as he quits the place, he eyes *Emma* with a look of mingled tenderness and reproach. "Supported by my *servants*! I thought I had a *daughter*!" *Emma* feels the force of his reproof—"So you have," she exclaims, rushing into her parent's arms, "one who loves you better than her life!" *Sir Philip* directs his servants to withdraw, and then warns his daughter against the baneful effects of an ill-placed and preposterous passion. If, as he has reason to apprehend, her affections should be placed on *Henry*, he thus apprizes her of his fixed, unalterable determination to oppose her wishes. "When the dove woos for her mate the ravenous kite; when nature's fixed antipathies mingle in sweet concord, *then*, and not *till* then, hope to be united." Perceiving the distress and embarrassment into which this speech plunges his daughter, he reminds her of what most parents are erroneously inclined to consider a point of filial duty. "Have you not promised me the disposal of your hand?" *Emma* answers, with a sigh, "Alas! I did not then know the difficulty of obedience."

To enforce his parental claims, the Baronet discloses the actual state of his circumstances. "Hear then," he says, "the reasons why I *demand* your compliance. You think I hold these rich domains; alas! the *shadow* only, not the *substance*. When I left my native country, I left it with a heart lacerated with every wound, which the falsehood of others, or my own conscience could inflict." *Sir Philip* then pro-

ceeds to a narrative of his misfortunes. Hateful to himself, and loathing the world, he sought relief from the pangs of remorse, by plunging into the thoughtless career of dissipation. He rushed to the gaming-table, and soon became the dupe of villainy. An accomplice, whom he detected in an act of fraud, acknowledged, that he was but an humble instrument in the plan which had been concerted for his ruin. The man, who by his superior genius directed and controlled the whole plot, and who had possessed himself of the mortgages of the whole of *Sir Philip's* estates, was one *Morrington*, a man whom the Baronet had never seen; for, "like his deeds, he avoided the light; ever dark, subtle, and mysterious."

Collecting the shattered remains of his fortune, *Sir Philip* now commenced a solitary wanderer, till, in a peaceful village, he met *Emma's* mother, "humble in birth, but exalted in virtue." The morning after his union with that lady, he received a packet, containing bills to the high amount of ten thousand pounds, with this note—"The reward of virtuous love, presented by a repentant villain." No name was affixed to the letter; nor, from that moment till the present hour, had he ever been able to form any conjecture of the generous donor. Thus circumstanced, *Sir Abel Handy* had proposed a match between *Emma* and his son, *Mr. Robert Handy*; and, in consideration of what he was pleased to term the
honour

honour of the alliance, had agreed to pay off the incumbrances on the Blandford estate.

Sir Philip pursues his narrative. "Another wonder remains!" On his arrival in England, he finds no claims had been made on his estate, during the long period of his absence, either by *Morrington*, or his agents. This forbearance, on the part of the *mortgagèe*, justly excites *Sir Philip's* astonishment. Can *Morrington* have perished, and with him all his claims? Or, does he withhold the blow, to render the shock more sudden and irretrievable?

Emma listens to the painful story with mingled emotions of surprize and alarm. Perceiving (as no doubt the reader does) a striking *chasm* in the narrative, she requests an explanation: "My dear father has not told me what misfortunes compelled him to quit his native country!"—The question involves the Baronet in the greatest perplexity; his agitation betrays a cruel internal struggle of mind. The duteous *Emma* partakes in his anxiety: "May I not know the cause?"—"Oh! never! never!" replies *Sir Philip*, with increasing perturbation. *Emma* desists from further enquiry, and cautioning her father to beware of the evening damps, persuades him to return to the castle. She promises implicit obedience and acquiescence in all his desires. "I will be all you wish; indeed, indeed I will."

SCENE III. (*The interior of the Castle.*)

Evergreen enters on the left, lamenting that *Henry* should

should act so imprudently as to throw himself in the way of *Sir Philip*, after the strong prohibition given him in the morning. Loud, imperious complaints, (technically denominated *scolding*) announce the approach of *Lady Handy*, who now makes her appearance, engaged in warm altercation with *Sir Abel*, on the subject of his son's undutiful behaviour. She declares her determination to put up with *Bob's* insolence no longer; she *will* be treated with respect. *Sir Abel* promises that *Bob* shall mend his manners; but his wife still remains dissatisfied. She accuses *Sir Abel* of being *led by the nose* by his son; of *obeying* where he has a right to *command*. A long, tedious run of *common-place* sarcasms, on the *pretended* foibles of the female character succeeds, in which we feel no ambition to follow the author. *Sir Abel* winds up the account by remarking, "that he stands precisely in the same predicament with the *ass* in the fable; if he be doomed to carry a pack-saddle all his life, 'tis a matter of little consequence *who* drives him."

From these stale and illiberal jests, equally disgraceful to the author who retails, and the audience that can receive pleasure from them, we are now seasonably relieved by the intervention of *Evergreen*, who congratulates *Lady Handy*, on her marriage with that worthy gentleman, *Sir Abel*. He then directs his discourse to the latter: "Sir, I give you joy."—"Not before 'tis *wanted*," replies *Sir Abel*. *Evergreen* is in a *talking* mood. "This match," addressing

dressing Lady *Handy*, "makes up for the imprudence of your *first*."—"First," repeats *Sir Abel* with astonishment, "What first? What do you mean?" *Evergreen* explains; he alludes to the lady's former husband. *Sir Abel* takes the alarm: "*Former* husband; why, my dear, you never told me any thing of a *former* husband before." It now rests with the lady to explain. She owns she was "*rather* married many years ago, but her husband went abroad and died."—"Are you sure he *died*?" demands *Sir Abel*. Lady *Handy* beckons to *Evergreen*, who seems, on this occasion, to have an ungovernable itch for talking, to hold his peace. "Poor man!" *Sir Abel* continues, "neglected perhaps. I wish I had known it, he should have had the best advice money can purchase." Lady *Handy* upbraids *Sir Abel* for his unseasonable commiseration. The latter in his defence, observes, "Surely, my dear, you would not have me rejoice at your husband's death." He then enquires of *Evergreen*, what kind of a character this *former* husband bore—"Was he a good sort of a man?" *Evergreen* describes him as "a good, honest fellow upon the whole, but he rather ruled his wife too *severely*!" *Sir Abel* stares at this intelligence, and by the tenor of his questions to *Evergreen*, discovers a willingness to improve from good example—"You don't happen to recollect his manner? You couldn't give one a hint of the way he had?"—"What, Sir!" exclaims Lady *Handy* with great wrath, "do you wish to tyrannize

over

over my poor, *tender* heart? This is too much! I can't bear it! reach me my salts."

Here the lady affects to swoon, and *Sir Abel* prepares to administer the necessary relief. But misfortunes seldom come *single*; the Baronet cannot find the key of his medicine box. *Evergreen* advises him to pick the lock. "It can't be picked," replies *Sir Abel*, "it's a *patent* lock."—"Break it open then."—"It can't be broke open, it's my *own* invention." *Sir Abel* then launches into a minute scientific description of the principle, on which his patent lock is constructed—"a *horizontal* bolt, acts upon a spring." My *Lady* recovers, without the use of his improved salts and aromatic vinegar. "So then, I may *die*," she vociferates in a rage, "whilst you are describing a *horizontal* bolt! Do you think you shall close your eyes this week to come for this?"

The matrimonial clamour grows louder and louder. *Sir Philip* enters to enquire "what can be the matter?"—"I am *accused*," begins *Sir Abel*—"Convicted! convicted!" interrupts his wife. *Sir Abel* declines engaging in a war of words with *Lady Handy*, as her superior *practice* convinces him how little chance he has of success in a contest of that nature. *Sir Abel* and his lady leave the room, probably to settle the business more *amicably* between themselves; the Baronet pausing a moment in his retreat, to ask again for information, relative to *Lady Handy's* former husband's mode of governing his wife;

wife: "Could you give one a hint of the way?" His wife, with the voice of authority, commands him to follow her immediately.

Sir Philip being thus left alone with *Evergreen*, censures him for his neglect in not obeying his orders relative to *Henry*. The gardener assures him, that *Henry's* intrusion was entirely the result of *accident*, and not of a want of attention on his part. The Baronet then enquires, "Whether Farmer *Ashfield* has left the castle?" The gardener replying in the negative, he orders the farmer to be called in.

Ashfield makes his bow, and endeavours to "behave pretty, as he always does." *Sir Philip*, having in a previous soliloquy, determined upon the expulsion of the youth, whose sight had occasioned him so much uneasiness, prefaces his design, by reminding *Ashfield* of the arrears due for the rent of his farm, amounting to one hundred and fifty pounds. *Ashfield* declares himself incapable of discharging the debt at present. *Sir Philip* promises to grant him every indulgence, which the farmer thinks "deadly kind of him;" and tells the Baronet, "the news will make his poor old wife *young* again." He thought, indeed, "that the gentleman might be one of those who like to do a good turn, and say nothing about it. So, Sir, if you had taken no notice to I, of what I do owe to you, I should not have said a word about it." *Sir Philip* informs him, that he will not only show him every indulgence, but wholly acquit him of the debt, on *one* condition,

that he instantly turn out *Henry*. This demand, produces, on the part of *Ashfield*, a hearty laugh: "You'll excuse my *tittering* a bit; but surely you be making fun of I."—"I am not apt to trifle," *Sir Philip* retorts with asperity; "send the boy instantly from you, or take the consequences." *Ashfield* avows his unwillingness to comply with the Baronet's demand. "Turn out *Henry*? I should'nt know how to set about it." He is prevailed upon, however, to "*argufy* the topic," and tells *Sir Philip*, who leaves him to his private meditations—"You may *wait* * upon me when I've done, and I'll tell you all about it."

Ashfield now "puts the case," as he terms it. *I goes* † whistling home; Lord rabbit it, should'nt be able to whistle a bit! however, *I goes* home. There

* In this interview between *Sir Philip* and *Ashfield*, the author but too often totally loses sight of nature, and makes a wanton sacrifice of truth and propriety, to quaintness and absurdity. Is it consistent with the usages of actual life, that a clown, dependant in a *double* point of view, (as a *tenant*; and, secondly, a *tenant in ar-rears*) upon the will of the Lord of the Manor, should converse with such freedom; nay, even *rudeness*, to a Baronet? We believe, experience generally proves, that rustics are apt to transgress on the side of the contrary extreme; they are more inclined to discover an *excess*, than a *want* of ceremony.

† We rely on the candour both of the author and the reader, with respect to any occasional and venial inaccuracies, which may escape our notice in our quotations. All those of our readers, who are *practically* acquainted with the difficulty of detailing from memory, speeches delivered on the stage, with *almost constant variation* of the dialogue, will cheerfully overlook trivial inadvertencies.

I see

I see *Henry* sitting beside my wife, mixing up something to comfort the poor old soul, and take away the pain of her rheumatics. *Henry* then places a chair by the fire, and says—"Farmer, the horses be fed, the sheep be folded, you have nothing to do but to sit down, smoke your pipe, and make yourself happy."—"Then, I say, *Harry*, thee be'est poor and friendless, and for that thee must turn out of my doors directly." My wife then storms at I, and reaching out her hand towards the fire-place, throws the *poker** at my head. *Henry*, poor boy, gives a kind of aguish shake, and getting up, sighs from the bottom of his heart: then, holding up his head, like a king, he says—"Farmer, I have too long been a burthen to you. Heaven protect you, as you have protected me. Farewell! I go."—"Then, I says, if thee dost, I'll be damned."

Ashfield having thus *argufied* the topic in his own mind, communicates his determination to the Baronet. "Holla! Mr. *Sir Philip*," he cries, "you may come in." The Baronet desires to know the result of his deliberations. *Ashfield*, in reply, informs him, that he has been "putting the case, and finds it would not be pretty, and so," he adds, "*I can't.*" "Ridiculous!" exclaims the Baronet. "Well,

* That this soliloquy (or *argufication* of the topic, as *Ashfield* terms it) contains many delicate touches, and faithful delineations of nature, it would be highly unjust to deny. The more then is it to be regretted, that the author should degrade his pen, by the wanton introduction of *buffoonery*.

Sir," retorts the farmer, "there is but another word—I *won't*." The Baronet menaces him with the rigour of the law; but *Ashfield* remains inflexible. "If corn would'nt grow, I could'nt help it. This hand be as *free from guilt*"—*Sir Philip* betrays strong symptoms of remorse at this speech—"as your honour's. It was never held out to clinch a hard bargain, nor will it push a good lad into the wide, wicked world, because he be poorish a bit. Come what will," he adds, "I will never beat this hand against here," pointing to his heart, "but when I am sure there be something inside, that will jump against it with pleasure."

From this manly and dignified tenor of discourse, the author now abruptly descends to ridicule and foolery. *Ashfield* hopes *Sir Philip* "will repent of all his sins. When that event takes place, he promises to call again, and visit him as friendly as ever.* *Sir Philip* treats his pious exhortation with becoming contempt, and bids him *look nearer home*. "Your repentance may come too late."

[The remainder of our *Analysis* of the New Comedy, will be given in the next Number.]

* In the first scene of this Act, *Ashfield* expressly tells *Henry*, that he never saw *Sir Philip* before in all his life: yet, now he talks as if he had been in habits of long intimacy and acquaintance with the Baronet. "He will call again, and visit him as friendly as ever."

Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.

DRURY-

DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY, *Feb.* 15, 1800.

THE RIVALS—*Sheridan.* OF AGE TO-MORROW.

THE part of *Faulkland* was supported by Mr. C. KEMBLE. We have never admired his brother in this character, and should not repine were he to renounce it.

OF AGE TO-MORROW, still remains a nightly *libel* on the taste and sense of the town. What hopes, indeed, can we entertain of rational amusement, when *actors*, “overstepping the modesty of nature,” aspire to be *jacks of all trades*, and usurping possession of the stage as *authors*, write parts to indulge their own preposterous passion for *buffoonery*!

COVENT-GARDEN, SATURDAY, *Feb.* 15, 1800.

SPEED THE PLOUGH—*Morton.* DIVERTISSEMENT.

THE Entertainment, or *Divertissement*, as it is pompously styled, is a *bastard* from the *Sans-Souci* school; or, to speak more properly, the result of a *coalition* between the *ballad-singers* of the metropolis, and the *humorists* of a pot-house club. Still there are persons, who can find such entertainment *diverting*!

DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, *Feb.* 17, 1800.

THE CASTLE SPECTRE—*M. G. Lewis.* OF AGE TO-MORROW.

COVENT-

COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, *Feb.* 17, 1800.

SPEED THE PLOUGH—*Merton.* RAYMOND AND
AGNES—*Farley.*

A serious disturbance took place at the Theatre this evening, in consequence of the *tardiness* of the performers to comply with the commands of the audience. The dance, at the end of the second act was, as usual, *encored*; but the performers, by an *inverted* mode of argument, apprehending they were the *mistresses* and *masters*, not the *servants* of the public, and that they had a right to *control* those, by whose munificence they are *fed*, thought proper to *lord* it over the spectators. This *revolutionary* principle by no means accorded with the sentiments of the audience; opposition only tended to render them more clamorous in the assertion of their undoubted *right*. Still the performers persisted in their *mutiny*, and made several efforts, but in vain, to carry their point. Mr. POPE came forward, with a kind of apology, but was pelted, hissed, and hooted off the stage. The performers, forsooth, found the *drudgery* of *pleasing the audience too fatiguing*! and poor Mrs. H. JOHNSTON, who soon after came *hopping* and *skipping*

—*velut latis equa trima campis*

Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi.

upon the stage, had very unfortunately *sprained her ankle*! Yet these are the people who, in a recent
statement

statement* of grievances, for which they *mult* the public eighteen-pence, complain bitterly of the heavy restrictions imposed on their means of *ingratiating* themselves with the town! In future, we hope they will have the grace to make a *virtue of necessity*, and duly bear in mind the import of the good old Latin adage, if they have learning enough to understand it—

Bis dat, qui cito dat.

DRURY-LANE, TUESDAY, Feb. 18, 1800.

PIZARRO—*Sheridan*. OF AGE TO-MORROW.

KEMBLE's return to the stage, could not fail to prove an irresistible source of attraction, which drew a crowded house at full price. We were happy to see *Rolla* "himself again!"

COVENT-GARDEN, TUESDAY, Feb. 18, 1800.

SPEED THE PLOUGH—*Morton*. SPOILED CHILD—*Mrs. Jordan*.

MRS. MILLS makes a charming *Pickle*. KNIGHT, and Mrs. DAVENPORT, are equally happy in their parts; nor ought Miss SIMMS and Mr. EMERY to be passed over unnoticed.

* It is our intention to canvass the merits of this interesting dispute in our next number. Mean while, we wish it were in our power to administer consolation to these poor *benefit-mendicants*!

DRURY-

DRURY-LANE, WEDNESDAY, *Feb.* 19, 1800.
TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH—*Sheridan.* OF AGE TO-
MORROW.

MR. PALMER performed the part of *Lord Fos-
fington* with great spirit.

COVENT-GARDEN, WEDNESDAY *Feb.* 19, 1800.
SPEED THE PLOUGH—*Morton.* TRUE FRIENDS—
Dibdin.

WITH the exception of *Embarkation*, which we regard as the *ne-plus-ultra* of dullness, ignorance, and impudence, the New Entertainment of this evening is the most paltry and wretched production of the season. It would be a waste of time and paper to enter into an *analysis*.

But though we refrain from expatiating on the Farce, the conduct of the managers calls loudly for reprehension. The remarks we are now offering, we wish it to be distinctly understood, do not apply to Covent-Garden exclusively, but involve equally the *managerial system* of both theatres. We allude to the practice of *forestalling* the public verdict, by advertising the *second* representation of a piece, before the opinion of the audience has been taken on the *first*. And with still greater insolence, still greater want of principle and contempt of truth, we are told in the bills, that a piece, which the almost unanimous verdict of the audience consigns to damnation, was “received by a brilliant and overflowing

overflowing house, with universal applause." Surely *decency* ought not to be proscribed, *in toto*, from the management of a theatre !

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, *Feb. 20, 1800.*

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE—*Garrick and Colman.* OF
AGE TO-MORROW.

THE Royal Family visited Drury-Lane this evening, and laughed heartily at the irresistible drollery of WEWITZER, as *Canton*, in the Play ; but more particularly at his *warlike duet*, in the Entertainment :

" When we took the field, old Frederick led the van, &c."

COVENT-GARDEN, THURSDAY, *Feb. 20, 1800.*

SPEED THE PLOUGH—*Morton.* TRUE FRIENDS—
Dibdin.

As the manager persists in *cramming* his New Entertainment down the public throat, we shall, in case the public consent to swallow the dose another week, take a slight review of it in our next.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE, CORRESPONDENCE, &c.

WE have at length the pleasure of fulfilling our promise to our Readers, by presenting them with the commencement of the REVIEW of the GERMAN THEATRE. A single glance at the arrangements we have adopted in this part of our plan, will satisfy them with respect to the unavoidable delay which took place in the production of this article. The *title page* prefixed to the Review, is to be regarded merely as a *temporary* substitute.

THE Public will likewise perceive, that we have changed our Printer, and made several innovations in the *typographical* department of our work. We trust we shall not be censured for preferring *improvement* to rigid *uniformity*. We could have wished that these changes had sooner taken place; but, as the adage observes—"Better late than never."

EIGHT Performers of Covent-Garden Theatre having submitted a statement of the differences subsisting between themselves and the Proprietors, to public cognizance, we mean to take a general Review of this Controversy in our next. It is not our practice to do *things by halves*, which is the reason why we have not canvassed the subject in our present Number.

A certain description of persons having taken great pains to circulate a report, tending to render doubtful the *continuance* of the DRAMATIC CENSOR, the Editor informs the Public, that a fund has been appropriated for its establishment, which guarantees both its duration and success. The sanction of Mr. DUTTON's name to a periodical publication, the whole responsibility of which rests with himself, and of which he writes himself every line, is not to be obtained on *common* terms.

WE have received some complimentary verses, in answer to the poetical epistle we published in our last. But as the Editor has an insuperable objection to publish panegyrics on himself, the writer, he trusts, will excuse the insertion of his lines.

✉ Correspondents are requested to transmit their communications, *post paid*, to the Editor, at W. JUSTINS's Printing Office, Pemberton Row, Gough Square, Fleet Street.